

JEAN ELIOT'S
LETTERA Chronicle of
Society

SUBAN DEAR—With Thanksgiving Day looming on the horizon there is still no inkling as to the Presidential plans. I don't even dare say "the White House Thanksgiving," for no one knows whether it will be spent at the White House, at Mrs. Galt's home, or with some of the future Mrs. Wilson's numerous relatives. The President's pronounced taste for strictly family parties being so well established there is no question but that it will be a family dinner—but whose family dinner, and where, nobody ventures to predict.

Do you recall the two very different Thanksgivings of this Administration—last year with the President and Miss Bones visiting the Sayres at Williams-town, Margaret Wilson on with friends of her own, and the McAdams on a little Jeckyll Island trip; and the year before, with a big family reunion at the White House, including most of Jessie Wilson's wedding party, and Mr. Sayre and his bride, just two days wed, dropping in to eat Thanksgiving dinner at home, before resuming their wedding journey? This one is bound to be still different, however the President and his fiancée elect to spend it. Presumably South Trimble will have the sole honor of supplying a good Kentucky turkey, whose Democratic affiliations are beyond question, his Rhode Island rival, who for years has fattened the White House Thanksgiving bird, having died something over a year ago.

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Foster will entertain a little party of kindfolk on the holiday, among them Allen Dulles, who is established at Princeton for a post graduate course, after having completed a trip around the world, and his uncle, Prof. Joseph Dulles, of Princeton. In the evening they will entertain a few old friends informally at dinner.

The Postmaster General, Mr. Burleson, and the Attorney General, Mr. Gregory, who are both Texans and old friends, will slip away together for a hunting trip into the heart of Maryland. Mrs. Gregory and Jane Gregory are in New York, where they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William R. Clark, and the two little Burleson girls are also planning a trip to New York. If they so they will stay over until after the Army and Navy game. Mrs. Gregory and Jane will also attend the game before coming back to Washington.

The Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane are planning to spend the day at home, and to dine quietly with their son, Franklin, Jr., and little Nancy Lane. The Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Redfield will entertain a few intimate friends at an informal family dinner, and will have as their guest for several days Miss Emilie Harser, of New York, as well as their son, Humphrey Redfield, who is a student at Amherst. The Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Wilson will have a gathering of the Wilson clan, but no other guests, and the Housewives are also planning a family party. Secretary and Mrs. Daniels have not yet made their plans, and it isn't even known if the Garrisons will be in town. And so it goes.

As straws show the way the wind blows, so the fact that the line of naval and military aides at the White House is to be the longest in the history of the Executive Mansion may signify the prospect of a gala winter. To the thirteen aides on duty during his first winter in the White House President Wilson has added one more, making a complete list of fourteen. Col. W. W. Harris, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., superintendent of public buildings and grounds, heads the list as chief military aide, and Commander Daniel W. Wurtsbaugh, U. S. N., is the chief naval aide. From the Navy besides Commander Wurtsbaugh, are Lieut. Comdr. Robert L. Barry, Lieut. Comdr. Joseph O. Fischer, Dr. Cary Travers Grayson, the President's physician; Lieut. Paul H. Bastedo, and Lieut. Charles B. Battle. From the army, in addition to Colonel Harris, the aides are Lieut. Bradford Chenoweth, Lieut. Gordon E. Young, and Lieut. James A. Dorr, all of the Engineers Corps; Lieut. Alexander L. James, of the cavalry; Lieut. Edwin M. Watson, infantry, and Lieut. John A. Baird, coast artillery. The fourteenth is Capt. R. P. Williams, U. S. M. C., who makes the navy contingent equal in numbers to the army representatives and thus removes any cause for jealousy. Dr. Grayson, Colonel Harris, and Lieutenant Dorr are the only three aides who have served before in that capacity, and they were at the White House when Mr. Wilson became President.

Can you imagine Isabelle Jones, Mrs. McCoy Jones, you know, with a son old enough to be in the Naval Academy? It seems ridiculous, but nevertheless her eldest boy, McCoy Jones, is now Midshipman Jones, in Annapolis, where Isabelle was brought up and where she has a very wide acquaintance, she is beginning to be known as "Midshipman Jones' mother." She goes down to the Maryland Capital regularly now to give lessons in dancing, and she also has tourmaline classes here. Moreover, she has recently leased a fine big studio in Dupont circle overlooking P street, where she does her teaching and where parties of various kinds may be given. The Army and Navy Chapter of the D. A. R. gave their card party there on Thursday and the studio is ever so much in demand for dances.

Upstairs there is a dressing room, a most attractive dining room and pantry arrangements that make the preparation and service of refreshments an easy matter.

Have you read Elizabeth Noyes Thompson's little book "Earnest Work for Earnest Workers?" It contains no end of valuable information for the social service worker—that indeed is its chief end and aim—many

Give Birthstone Rings

With all their mythological significance and ancient charm. A stone for every month, all in solid gold mountings.

From \$1.50 to \$10
R. HARRIS & CO.
THE JEWELERS,
Seventh and D streets.



MISS MARIA ALCIRA (at right),
and MISS GRYNGA RAYBAUD
(at left).

The charming daughters of the Military Attache of the Argentine Embassy and Mme. Raybaud, who are among the season's most interesting additions to Washington's younger set. They will have their first formal introduction to society when Mme. Raybaud observes her afternoons at home in December.

hints that would make the half hour required to read it profitable to any one, and is a model of conciseness and a masterpiece in its small way. How the clever little author could garner so much wisdom in her short life is a mystery to me—and I have marveled 'ere this at her zeal for service and her executive ability.

The Saturday afternoon drag hunt of the Washington Riding and Hunt Club is coming to be a regular feature of the week and verily a gala event. Yesterday there was a big field. On Thanksgiving Day, moreover, the club is going to arrange a real fox hunt. Master Fox is already bespoken, guests from several of the hunt clubs around Baltimore and in Virginia are to be invited, and the officials of the club are planning to make the run one of the most interesting events of its kind held in Washington in a decade.

The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Peters, has recently joined the little coterie of horse lovers who follow the hounds at every opportunity. He has just purchased a fine new black horse, Gunga Dhin, and expects to ride a great deal while the good weather holds.

Ethel MacMurray has been nursing a broken nose all week, having been struck by a branch on the occasion of the first run of the hounds this season a week ago yesterday. All the men are singing the praises of her gameness, for, although she met with this accident early in the afternoon, she refused to stop for any attention, finished the run with a flourish and was in at the death. The injury, I understand, is not serious, but it must have been ever so painful.

By the way, have you heard any talk of the possibility of a consolidation of the Riding Club and the Washington Fencers' Club? I have heard the idea broached and discussed by some of the members of one or the other of the clubs; and somehow it would seem a very rational thing to do, a feasible thing as well, for Col. Robert M. Thompson is one of the leading spirits

of both organizations and the membership is largely interlocking. The change would, it appears, involve the building of a pavilion with a salle d'armes for the fencers, a ball room and a fine swimming pool.

Here's a little budget of news, Susan, from out of town, which will be of interest to you, I feel sure. First, about Harry Gray and his wife, who, as you doubtless remember, was a Washington girl, Margaret Murdaugh. They have bought a house in Huntington, W. Va., where they have lived for the three or four years since their marriage, and are now busy getting settled. Heretofore they have had an apartment, but when the opportunity came to secure this attractive little dwelling, built only a year ago and with just enough of the newness rubbed off to insure a certain homeliness, they jumped at the chance. Margaret's mother, Mrs. J. D. Murdaugh, is leaving town immediately after Thanksgiving for a visit to her daughter.

Cornelia Brackenridge, who is Margaret's cousin and who visited her here so many times, has been suffering from a sharp attack of appendicitis, but is recovering rapidly. Although she is young, pretty, full of fun, and always ready for a good time, Cornelia is leading a very useful life these days. She is one of the commissioners—I think that is the proper term—charged with the proper distribution of the mothers' pension funds in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, where the Brackenridges make their home. She has many other philanthropic activities on her list, but, moreover, has a picture in an exhibition now on in Pittsburgh which has received very favorable notices. Entitled "An Experiment in Strong Light," it is a rough sketch of her sister, Helen, now Mrs. Frank Painter. Helen, I hear, is looking very pretty, and seems about sixteen. She has an adorable baby, Frank, Jr., who is the idol of the entire Brackenridge family.

My last letter from Ruth Elias Watkins, who is installed at Fort Leavenworth, where Captain Watkins is stationed, brings news that Marie New-

ton is expected at the post for a visit. She has been making quite a name for herself a danseuse, and has been with a number of important New York productions since she left Washington two or three years ago. At Leavenworth she is to be the guest of the Wheelers, army folk bien entendu. Marie herself has army connections, I understand.

Ruth writes that she and Captain Watkins are still playing tennis—they have played a great deal during the autumn—and she is busy with plans for a series of dinners, the first formal entertaining that they have done since their marriage. She also spoke of Elizabeth Abernathy, the girl who is to marry Oscar Schiberg on Christmas Day, and who lives at Leavenworth. She, it appears, is pretty, very young and has lots of money.

We are all so delighted that the Trivins are coming back to Washington after spending the last three winters in Boston and the summers in between at Oysterville, Mass. Commander and Mrs. Irwin and the girls, Annie and Mary Regina, will stop in Boston to spend Thanksgiving with young Harrison Irwin, who is now engaged in the practice of law, and will attend the Army-Navy game in New York before coming to Washington. They will be at the Brighton pending the selection of a house for the winter.

The girls usually "hunt in couples," and are a winsome and bewitching pair. They made their debut here within a year or two of each other, and later Mary—she is the younger—of the two—had a season at Stockholm and Paris with her uncle and aunt, the French minister to Sweden and Mme. Thiebaud just before the beginning of the war. Mme. Thiebaud, who has been in this country for several months and is now the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harold Norton, is just beginning to regain her strength after a long and serious illness.

Lena Hitchcock is still visiting in Pittsburgh, where she has been the guest of her aunt for several weeks, and has as yet given no sign of coming home. Kathryn Hitchcock, meanwhile, has a great with her, Gladys Brezzel, of Louisiana, who arrived just in time to accompany her hostess to Elizabeth Thompson's bridge party on Wednesday and who is staying over to receive with Kathryn tomorrow afternoon, when she is entertaining at tea for Hildreth Gatewood. Gladys is a dainty little person, who has all the elegant and varied charm that is a direct heritage from her Gypsy forebears. Kathryn is also expecting to have a visit from Esther Foote before very long. The Foote are due to leave San Francisco on December 6, with Charles, S. C., which will be Colonel Foote's headquarters when he takes over command of the coast defenses of the Atlantic seaboard, as their destination. They plan to make the trip via the Panama Canal, if it be feasible; otherwise they will come east by the southern route. And shortly after they reach their destination, he is to come to Washington for a visit. At least, that is the present plan.

Mrs. Clement A. F. Flieger and her guests, Mrs. T. Q. Donelson and Mrs. Charles Andrews, have had the busiest week imaginable. Mrs. Flieger, who is fond of entertaining and is a notable hostess, has given several parties for her popular visitors and there have

been no end of other festivities arranged in their honor. Mrs. J. H. Crawford, Mrs. John Crayle Simpson, and Mrs. Julian Ogden are among those who have entertained for them during the week.

Mrs. Flieger and Mrs. Andrews were also very gay at Virginia Beach, where they visited Mrs. Flieger's sister-in-law, Mrs. Dewitt. There they spent a great deal of time motoring, touring through Tidewater, Va., and going on one occasion as far as Yorktown. Mrs. Donelson's return to Washington—she only arrived this week—was most enthusiastically welcomed and the friends she made during her husband's recent tour of duty here are united in wishing that she were returning to stay and not for such a short visit. Colonel Donelson is now on duty at Governor's Island.

Brig. Gen. and Mrs. William P. Hall and their young daughter, Therese, are among the Washingtonians—and truly they are legion—who are going to New York to attend the Army and Navy game. To Therese, who is just fifteen, the game is the one great event of the year, and she has not missed one in four years since her brother, Blackburn Hall, was a plebe at West Point. Lieutenant Hall, who was graduated last June, is now at Fort Clark, Texas, after seeing some little service on the border, but no less than seventeen of his classmates are stationed in Washington, and Mrs. Hall says she feels as though they were all her boys. They are quite in the habit of dropping in upon her at all times and of making her their confidante.

At the dance which Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kauffmann are giving for Ruth Lester on December 30, the debutante will share honors with Mr. and Mrs. Kauffmann's tall young sons, who will be home for the Christmas holidays. Philip, the elder, is now at Princeton, and the younger boy, Rayn, is at Lawrenceville, preparing to follow in his brother's footsteps.

Speaking of debutante functions reminds me that you had better come on for Ellie Lejeune's party on December 4. It is to be held at Marine Barracks, in the great hall where the Marine Band gives its concerts, and where, as you probably remember, Mrs. Barnett entertained last season for her debutante cousin, Wallis Warfield, of Baltimore. Altogether, it promises to be one of the nicest teas of the winter.

Capt. Perry M. de Leon, who is leaving himself to the role of "little booster" for the card party and tea dance to be given at the Willard on December 2, under the auspices of the Alexander Lawton Chapter, U. S. C., is, as his name suggests, a descendant of that brave old Spaniard, Ponce de Leon, who sailed across the seas and roamed the forests of Louisiana and the South in search of the fountain of eternal youth. Our Captain de Leon would seem to have had at least a sip of the waters of this fabled spring, for he is as active and as interested in men and affairs as the youngest of us, although he served as an officer in the Confederate navy all through the war.

Captain de Leon is a bachelor and hails from the South, where he was long a resident in South Carolina and Georgia, but he has adopted Washington as his home. He is a popular member of the Army and Navy Club. His old friend, Mrs. Lawton Morgan, is the founder of this chapter of the

U. S. C., which was named for her double second cousin, the late General Lawton, of Georgia, one time ambassador to Austria.

Still the debutantes come, and the latest is pretty Katherine Goodwin, daughter of Mrs. Walton Goodwin, who surely belongs on the list, although she is preparing to "slip out" rather quietly. She will have a good time, I know, for she is so attractive and has many friends here, while her family has been identified with Washington society for many years. Her father, the late Captain Goodwin, was a distinguished naval officer.

Her sister, Alice Goodwin, is an extremely popular person, and Katherine gives promise of following in her footsteps. Moreover, she is an impish piece, lively and spirited, in short full of "pep," if I may be permitted so outrageously slangy an expression. Her other sister, Elizabeth, is Mrs. Roscoe Dillon, wife of Lieutenant Dillon, who is now on duty at Annapolis, and she has one brother, Lieut. Walton Goodwin, of the army, now stationed at Plattsburg, N. Y.

That \$1,000 will go further in Germany than in this country is the surmise of a friend of mine who is living in Berlin. In his letter my correspondent finds that he can live more comfortably on his salary in Germany, a country which has suffered for more than a year the throes of the worst war in history, than he can here in one of the richest nations of the world and one which has enjoyed practically fifty years' continuous peace. Surely something must be wrong with conditions in this country that such can be the case.

He adds that up to date he has suffered no physical discomforts from the shortage of foodstuffs. Prices of foods, he finds, are about one-fourth higher than normal. Prices of other things have advanced very little, if at all. All of the little shops are running as usual, generally with women clerks. The theaters, vaudeville, opera, which is very good and very cheap, and even Shakespeare, which is played there all the year round, are all playing to crowded houses. At Hoppergarten, an hour from the center of Berlin, American jockeys are carrying off the honors in the running races, while other sports, such as boat racing, football, tennis, and golf are receiving their full attention.

To quote my friend further, the only discomfort felt is mental, a sort of melancholy depression which every one experiences who has lived for months in continuous contemplation of wounded soldiers, prisoners, and new levies constantly going on.

He does not venture an opinion as to how long the Germans can stand this frightful conflict. He feels that they are confident, though not expecting a decided victory. Rather they look for something in the nature of a stalemate. They believe that in a year or two the allies, when they realize that they are no longer fighting a defensive war, will become tired of the slaughter and in trying to drive the Germans back, so will be willing to make peace on conciliatory terms. When questioning Germans of high position as to whether Germany can be conquered or not, the universal answer is always "Ausschlossen," absolutely impossible. One

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)



Top Off the Thanksgiving Feast

With the
Famous

Assorted
Flavors

Including the New Cranberry Ice—First Time in This City
In These Temptingly Appropriate Molds



Live Turkey



Roast Turkey



Rabbit

Live Turkey Molds . . . \$1.25 per Doz. 75c per Half Doz.
Roast Turkey Molds . . . \$1.25 per Doz. 75c per Half Doz.
Rabbit Molds . . . \$1.25 per Doz. 75c per Half Doz.

Assorted
Flavors

Other Flavors in Bulk or Brick Furnished on Request at Popular Prices

Phone Your Order Early to Insure Prompt Delivery

CHAPIN-SACKS MFG. CO.,

Phone
Lincoln 390

STEINWAY

And
Other PIANOS

—PLAYER-PIANOS—

Victor Victrolas and Records

E. F. DROOP & SONS CO.

1300 G Street